THE HISTORY OF Henrie the fourth,

With the Battell at Shrewſburie, betweene the King, and Lord Henrie Percy, ſurnamed *Henrie Hotſpur* of the North.

VVith the humorous conceites of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Newly corrected by *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

George Stevens

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The Hiſtorie of Henrie the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broiles
To be commene't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſtie entrance of this ſoile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne children
No more ſhall trenching Warre channel her fields, (blood
Nor bruſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beſeeming ranckes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of warre, like an ill-ſheathed Knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maiſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe,
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fieldes,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Counſell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herdfordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameles transformation
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſines for the Holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like, my gracious L.
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillarie,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stainde with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twentie Knights
Balkt in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedons* plaines: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne
To beaten *Dowglas* and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Cosen is it not? In faythit is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honours tongue,
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonour staine the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That some night-tripping *Fairy* had exchangde
In Cradle clothes, our Children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,
But let him from my thoughtes: What think'e you Cosse
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surprisde,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sendes me word
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

West. This is his Vnckles teaching; This is *Worcester*,
Malcuolent to you in all aspectes:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your dignitie.

King. But I haue sent for him to answere this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

Cooſen, on Wedneſday next, our counſell we will hold
At *Winſor*, ſo informer the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely, which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes, and Dials the ſignes of Leaping houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in flame-colored Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaund the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethee ſweete wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt Miſtris the Moone; vnder whoſe countenaunce we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holdes well too, for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for

proofe.

proofe. Now a Purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutly ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by & by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaieſt true lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Caſtle; and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch; and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhal there be Gallows ſtanding in *England* when thou art King? & reſolution thus fubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father antick the Law: doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Falſ. VVell *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnſhire Bagpipe.

Prin. VVhat ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of

Moore-

Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſimiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreetes, and no man regardes it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince. Where ſhall we take a Purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from Praying, to Purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*, tis my vocation *Hall:* tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poines. Now ſhall we know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hall*. What ſayes Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſouldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Poines.

Poines. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for Coſening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offrings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: Gads-hil lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in Eaſtcheap; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe; if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes; if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Thers neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then once in my dayes Ile be a madcap.

Falſ. Why thats well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue, & what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance: farewell, you ſhall find me in *Eaſtcheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel Alhollowne ſummer.

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe, Harvey, Roſsill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Princ. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchiued, but weele ſet vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: & ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them I know thē to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: & for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fatte rogue will tel vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the ieſt.

Prin. Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſuppe: farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your Idleneſſe
Yet therein will I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

By

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettell on a ſullin ground,
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no ſoile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt with others.

King. My blood hath beene too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as oyle, ſoft as yong downe,
And therfore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule nere payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne Leige) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye,
O ſir your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

Nort. Yea my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your Highneſſe name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denied,
As he deliuered to your Maieſty.
Either enuy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.

Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridgroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkte,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holyday and lady tearmes.
Hequeſtioned me: among the reſt demanded,
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue been himſelfe a Souldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectely (as I ſayd)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord
What er'e *Harrie Piercie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reſonablie die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now,
King. Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the foliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damned *Glendower*,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
Hath lately married? ſhall our coffers then,
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſterue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed woundes which valianly he tooke
When on the gentle *Seuerns* ſiedgie banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuerns* floud
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-ſtained with theſe valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*:
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.

King. Thou doſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule,
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all theſe veines,
And ſhead my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother the King hath made your *Nephew* mad.

Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer.*
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?
Nor. He was; I heard the proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide-mouth,
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spoken off.
Hot. But soft I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the crowne?
Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cosin King,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines starue.
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull-man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cordes, the laddar, or the hangman rather?
O pardon if that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil King.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, hane done)
To put downe *Richard* that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke?*
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnder-went?

No

No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace Cooſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimd,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the bloud more ſtirres
To rowſe a Lion then to ſtart a Hare.

North. Immagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience,

Hot. By heauen me thinkes it weare an eaſie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare her
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Cooſen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe fame noble *Scots* that are your priſoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a *Scot* of them.
No, if a *Scot* would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.

Ile

Ile keepe them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome *Mortimer*,
Forbade my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Cooſin, a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler *Prince of Wales*.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with Rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place;
A Plague vpon it, it is in *Gloceſterſhire*;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,
His vncle *Yorke*, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Rauenſpurgh*,
Nor. At *Barkly* Caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true,
Why what a candie deale of curteſie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cooſin.

O, the Diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done yfayth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, welbelou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Stroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: Vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game's afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In fayth it is exceedingly well aymd.
Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heades, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does; weele be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cooſin, farewell. No further goe in this.
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt,

Hot. Vncle, adue: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till Fieldes, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our ſport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, *Charles-waine* is ouer the new Chimny, and yet our Horſe not packt. What *Oſtler?*

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Peaſe and Beanes are as danke heere as a Dog, and that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* Oſtler died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of Oates roſe, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to be the moſt villanous houſe in all *London* roade for Fleas, I am ſtung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Maſſe there is neare a King chriſten, could be better bit, thē I haue bin ſince the firſt cocke.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs nere a Iordaine, and then we leake in your Chimny, and your Chamber-lie breedes Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Oſtler*, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-croſſe.

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ſtarued: what *Oſtler?* a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare, & t'were not as good a deed as drinke,

to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hangd, haſt no fayth in thee:

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill. Good-morrow *Carriers*, What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lantherne, to ſee my Gelding in the Stable.

1. Car. Nay by God ſoft; I know a tricke worth two of that I fayth.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canſt tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time doe you meane to come to *London*?

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. Exeunt.

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the *Chamberlaine*, for thou varieſt nō more from picking of Purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, theres a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarkes*, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſehood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, old *Sir Iohn* hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſsion ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their owne credit ſake, make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, none of theſe madde muſtachio purple hewd maltworms, but with nobility, and tranquility, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeake, & ſpeak ſooner then drinke, & drinke ſooner then pray: and yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the Comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will ſhee hold out Water in foule way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will, Iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a Caſtle, cockſure; we haue the receit of Ferneſeed, we walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a cõmon name to all men: bid the Oſtler bring my Gelding out of the ſtable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remooued *Falſtaffes* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Falſ. *Poins, Poins,* and be hangd *Poins.*

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe?

Falſ. What *Poines, Hal?*

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that theeues company, the raſcall hath remoued my Horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the ſquire further afoote, I ſhal break my winde; Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am be-

witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hal*, a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle,*
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horſe, you rogues, Giue me my Horſe, and be hangd.

Prince. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my Horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Haire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voyce: *Bardolph*, what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prin. What! a coward Sir *Iohn Paunch*?

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gant* your Grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poynes. Sirra *Iacke*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him: farewell, & ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd.

Prince. *Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poynes. Here hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay, euery man to his buſineſſe.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes downe the hil, weele walke a foote a while, and eaſe our leggs.

Theeues. Stay. *Tra.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men muſt liue, you are grand Iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poynes. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the Theeues againe.

Falſ. Come my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the *Prince* & *Poynes* be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity ſtirring, theres no more valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wild Duck.

Prince.

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer; away good *Ned*, *Falſtaffe* ſweares to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poines. How the rogue roard *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be cõtented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhowes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friendes you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo, I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, & you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was laid, our friend true & conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *Yorke* commends the plot, & the generall courſe of the action. Zounds & I were now by this raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, & my ſelfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Dowglas*? haue I not all their letters to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next month? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward alreadie? What a pagan raſcall is this, and infidell? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my

ſelfe,

felfe, and goe to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim Milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now *Kate*, I must leaue you within these two houres.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banisht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell mee, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes,
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yeon Warres,
Speake tearmes of mahage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldeirs slaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue apeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?
Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from the Sheriffe?
Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.
Hot. What Horse? a roane, a crop eare, is it not?
Ser. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my throne, Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saiest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a Weazell hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith Ile know your businesse *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answere me directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them current too: gods me my horse: What saist thou *Kate*, what would'st thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Wel, do not then: for since you doe not me, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tel me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horse back, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me Whither I go: nor reason where about: Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you Gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I will beleeue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know: And so farewell I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too: To day will I set foorth, to morrow you; Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prince. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where hast been *Hal*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure score Hogs-heads. I haue sounded the very base string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne Brother to a leash of Drawers, & can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their salvation, that though I be but *Prince of Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*; and tell mee flatly, I am not proud *Iack*, like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy, (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I shall commande all the good Lads in *Eastcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one, that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillinges and sixe pence*; and, *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon sir*; *skore a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: steppe aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

Poines. *Francis.*

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. *Francis.* *Enter Drawer.*

Frã. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long lease for the clincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, t'was a penny worth, wast not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone, anone.

Prince. Anone *Francis?* No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thursday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

Francis. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What sir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ *Heere they both call him, the Drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Chow. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to the Gheſtes within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the doore: *Poines.*

Poines. Anone, anone ſir. *Enter Poines.*

Prince. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the *Drawer*? come, what's the iſſue?

Prince. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old daies of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſtry is vp ſtaires and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percyes* mind, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that kils me ſome ſixe or ſeuen dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his handes, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſweres, ſome fortnight, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rowe*, ſaies the drunkard: call in Ribs, call in Fallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſacke boy. E're I lead this life long, Ile ſowe nether ſtocks, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter, pittifull hartes *Titan* that melted at the ſweete tale of the Sunne? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there's nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worſe then a cup of Sack with Lime in it. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpō the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring; there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, and one of them is fatte, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay: I would I were a Weauer, I could ſing Pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Falſ. A Kings ſonne? if I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiectes afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you *Prince of Wales*.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? anſwere me to that, and *Poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, by the Lord Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee Coward, but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a cup of Sack, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wip'd ſince thou drunkſt laſt. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinkes.* A plague of all Cowards ſtill ſay I.

Prin. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? there be foure of vs, haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? *Iacke*, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe,

Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer deale better ſince I was a man, al would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Rofs. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought yee with them all?

Falſ. All? I know not what yee call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iacke*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Poines. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſ. Nay that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom ſuites; I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaid'ſt but two, euen now.

Falſ. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid foure.

Falſ. Theſe foure came all a front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falſ. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrome ſuites.

Falſ. Seuen, by theſe Hiltes, or I am a Villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſ. Doeſt thou heare me *Hal*?

Prin. I and marke thee too, *Iacke*.

Falſ.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poynes. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuel would haue it, three miſ-begotte knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them; groſſe as a moūtaine, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or at the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiō? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfe ſkin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tried thy ſelfe in baſe compariſōs, heare me ſpeak but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maiſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtalffe*, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, & then ſay it was in fight? What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come lets heare *Iacke*, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why heare you my maiſters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the Money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow: Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we haue a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Falſ. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou loueſt me. *Enter Hoſteſſe.*

Hoſt. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince!*

Prin. How now my Lady the *Hoſteſſe*, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a Noble man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Falſ. Fayth, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought faire, ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol*; you are Lions too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Fayth, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

Prince. Fayth, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Cir. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleeede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeares before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, & yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares *(Hal)* I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you muſt goo to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North*, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falſ. *Owen*, *Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglas*, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular,

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll kilies a Sparrow flying.

Falſ. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſ. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, he will not runne.

Prince. Why what a raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

Falſ. A horſe-backe (ye cuckoe) but a foote hee will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſ. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blow Caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by night, thy fathers beard is turn'd white with the newes, you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy Mayden-heads as they buy Hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Falſ. By the Maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being Heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch Enemies againe, as that fiend *Douglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraide? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfayth: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſ. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chaire ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a ioynd Stole, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cuppe of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept: for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambiſes* vaine.

Prince. Well, here is my legge.

Falſ. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfayth.

Fal. Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene: For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the point; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Black-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares? not in pleaſure, but in paſsion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, & a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eye, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I thinke, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell mee now, thou naughty varlet, tell mee, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince,

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for mee, and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ. And heere I ſtand, iudge my maiſters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swearſt thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth nere looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a Diuell haunites thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old Man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcel of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtuft Cloke-bag of guttes, that roſted Manning tree Oxe with the Pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to taſte Sacke and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to carue a Capon & eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take mee with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth, *Falſtalffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſauing your reuerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke & Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſinne, then many an old Hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaos* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poines*; but

for sweet *Iacke Falstaffe*, kind *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaff*, valiant *Iacke Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish plumpe *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardolph running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the *Sheriffe*, with a most monstrous Watch is at the doore.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hos. O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

Hos. The *Sheriffe* and all the Watch are at the doore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fal. Doest thou heare *Hal?* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prin. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you will deny the *Sheriffe*, so, if not, let him enter: if I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp aboue. Now my Maisters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the *Sheriffe*.

Enter Sheriffe and the Carrier.

Prin. Now Maister *Sheriffe*, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me my Lord. A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fatte man.

Car. As fatte as Butter.

Prin. The man, I doe assure you is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue imployed him.

And

And Sheriffe I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to answere thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall,
And so let me intreat you leaue the house.

Sher. I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

Prin. It may be so, if he haue robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

Sher. Good night my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clock. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyly rascall is known as well as Paules: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe?* fast a sleepe behind the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

He *searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.*

Prin. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers my Lord.

Prin. Lets see what be they, reade them.

Item a Capon ii. s. ii. d.
Item sawce
Item, Sacke, two gallons.
Item Anchoues and Sacke after supper. ii. s. vi. d.
Item bread. ob.

O monstrous but one halfe penniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke? what there is else, keepe close, weele read it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day; ile to the court in the morning, We must all to the wars, and thy place shall bee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue score; the mony shall be paide backe againe with aduantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And

And our induction, full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & coſin *Glendower*, will you ſit downe?
And vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, here it is; ſit Coſin *Percy*, ſit good Coſin *Hotſpur*,
for by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his
Cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower*
ſpoke of.

Glen. I can not blame him; at my nativitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your
Mothers Cat had but kitened, though your ſelfe had neuer bin
borne.

Glen. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hot. And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativitie:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe
Steeples, and moſſ-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Coſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſsings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines, and the Heardes
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me Pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but Womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*:
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace cousen *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee cousen, to command the Diuell.

Hot. And I can teach thee cousen, to shame the Diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Diuell.
If thou haue power to raise him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And Sandy bottom'd Seuerne haue I hent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How scapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order taken?

Mor. The *Arch-deacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assigned,
All Westward, *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare coosen, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſines that this night may execute:)
To morrow cooſen *Percy* you and I
And my good Lord of *Worceſter* will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewſbury.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his helpe theſe fourteene dayes;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together,
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinkes my moity *North* from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a moſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the currant in this place damd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer *Trent* ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen,
Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glen. Ile not haue it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen.

Glen. Why, that Will I,
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in *welſh*.
Glen. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the Engliſh Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an Engliſh ditty, louly well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue that was neuer ſeene in you,
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame meter ballet-mongers;
I had rather heare a braſen canſtick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come you ſhall haue *Trent* turnd.
Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any well deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me;
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*, *Exit.*
Mor. Fie, coſen *Percy*, how you croſſe my father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe, ſometime he angers me
With telling me of of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of Skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall diuels names.

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlicke in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Cooſen,
He holdes your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humour, fayth he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In fayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine;
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens heartes, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all partes beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed,
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladyes.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. She is deſperat heere,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prety welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am to perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *welſh* as ſweets as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Muſitions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke Playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*,
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.

La. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the *Lady* sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Irish*.

La. Would'st haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you swearе like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsburie:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a *Lady* as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher, and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within these 2. houres, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*

Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

By this our Booke is drawne, weele but ſeale,
And then to Horſe immediatly.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and other.
King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Prince of Wales* and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſently haue need of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the rod of heauen,
To puniſh my miſtreadinges. Tell me elſe
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſtie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatner needes muſt heare
By ſmiling Pick-thankes, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſsion.
King. God pardon thee; yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anneſtors:
Thy place in Counſell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſupplide;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts

Of

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes
Euen in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and foone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularity,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath,
The taſt of ſweetnes, whereof a little.

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such eyes
As sicke and and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze
Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men vse to do to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence, glutted, gorgde and full.
And in that very line, *Harry* standst thou
For, thou hast lost thy Princely priuiledge,
With vile participation, Not an eye
But is awery of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it doo
Make blind itselfe with foolish tendernes,

Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,
And euen as I was then is *Percy* now:
Now by my scepter, and my soule to boote,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Then thou, the shadow of succession,
For of no right nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with Harnes in the Realme,
Turns head against the Lions armed Iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruising armes,
What neuer dying honor hath he got,
Against renowned *Douglas*? whose high deedes,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall.

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur Mars* in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbishops Grace of *Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgiue them, that so much haue swayde
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when e're it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-praysed knight,
And your vnthoughts of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worshipp of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleas'd I shall performe
I do beseech your Maiesty may salue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.
How now good *Blunt*? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Douglas* and the *English* rebels met
The eleuenth of this month, at *Shrewsburie*:
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a state.

King. The Earle of *Westmerland* set forth to day,
With him my sonne Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*,
For this aduertisement is fiue daies old,
On wednesday next *Harry* thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you shall march
Through *Glocester*-shire, by which account
Our businesse valued some twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth* shall meet.
Our hands are full of businesse, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not falne away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that suddainely, while I am in some

ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuē to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zlould, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquired yet who pickt my Pocket? *Enter Host.*

Hos. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*: do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tight of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie *Hostesse*, *Bardol* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Hos. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hos. No, *Sir Iohn*, you do not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

Hos. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of viij. s. an ell: you owe money heere besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and bydrinkings, and money lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hos. Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How, poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yoaker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fourty marke.

Hos. O Iesu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a Iacke, a sneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore, faith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; Newgate fashion.

Hos. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*? how does thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my packet pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy houſe, they pick pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hall* three or foure bonds of forty pound a peace, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo; and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for Womanhood, Maid Marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, What thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it; I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, What beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What Beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſayd this other day.

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolf*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I ſay 'tis Copper: dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*, thou knoweſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke he feare thee, as I feare thy Father: nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But ſirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine, it is all filled vp with Guttes, and Midriffe: Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandums* of Bawdy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, I am a villaine, and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *Hal*, thou knowſt in the ſtate of innocencie, *Adam* fell: & what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do in the daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. *Hoſteſſe*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfaſt, loue thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cheriſh thy Gheſtes, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad: how is that anſwered?

Prin.

Prin. O my sweet beeffe, I must still be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Jacke, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had bene of horse. Where shall I finde one that can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or ther about; I am horribly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I praise them. *Prince Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*,

To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Go *Poins* to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time.

Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And either they or we must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! braue world. *Hostes*, my breakefast, come

Oh I could wish this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall current through the world.

By God I cannot flatter, I defie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is well: What letters haſt thou there I can
but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous ſick.

Hot. Zounds, how haz he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernment come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phiſition.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was never better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterpriſe,
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the king is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall find it were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dowg. Fayth, and so we should,
Where now remaines a sweet reuersion.
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no deuision, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisedome, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offring side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse,
It lendes a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, at this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſen *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Weſtmerland*, ſeauen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *Iohn*.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet foorth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed madcap, *Prince of Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumde like Eſtriges, that with the winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſommer;
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Buls:
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe then the Sunne in March.
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmokie Warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in Blood. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the *Prince of Wales*,

Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. Thats the worſt tydinges, that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth, that beares a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kinges whole Battell reach vnto?

Ver. To thirtie thouſand.

Hot. Fourtie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Falſ. *Bardoll*, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers ſhall march through; Weele to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all I, le anſwere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me a Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell, *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſhamed of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I haue miſuſed the Kinges Preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. & odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes; ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I, preſt me none but ſuch Toſts and Butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruiſes: and

now

now, my whole charge consistes of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of companies, Slaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his sores: and such as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust Seruingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers tradefalne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged, then an old faczde Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their seruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A madd fellow met me on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such Skar-crowes. He not march through *Couentry* with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison; there's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my company, and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Hearalds coate without sleeues; and the Shirt to say the truth, stolne from my Host of *S. Albones*, or the Red-nose Inkeeper of *Dauintry*: but that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge,

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne Iacke? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad wag, what a diuell dost thou in *Warwick-shire*? My good L. of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewesburie*.

West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn*, t'is more then time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King I can you, lookes for vs all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Falf. Mine *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did neuer see such pittifull rascals.

Falf. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse, food for powder, food

for Powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

West. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barenes, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

Pri. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers on the ribs bare: But sirra, make hast, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

West. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good Cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Doe not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsell well:
You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Doe me no slander, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsell with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle *Worcesters* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.
Hot. So are the Horses of the Enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousen, stay till all come in.
The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hot. Welcome, sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruinges and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.
Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so.
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anoynted Maiestie:
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefes, and wherevpon
You coniure from the breast of ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all speed,
You shall haue your desires with interest,
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:
My Father, my Vncle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares,
And when he was not sixe and twenty strong,
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,

A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtoode in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lie to heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffered his kinſman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſde my Father from the Court,
Broke othe on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafetie, and withall to prie
Into his title; the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I rerurne this anſwere to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my Vncle
Bring him our purpoſe; and ſo farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my cooſen *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haſte.

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsburie*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quicke rayſed power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*; and I feare, *Sir Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglaas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir M. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant Warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land togeather,
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many mo Coriuales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe? yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friendes, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,
Aboue yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a Tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſoundes. Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in vngentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abborred Warre?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?

Wor. Heare mee, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.

King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?

Falſ. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet peace.

Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our Houſe:
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
Wee were the firſt and deareſt of your friendes,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I;
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that Oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing of purpoſe gainſt the ſtate
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of *Lancaſter*,
To this, we ſweare our ayde: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you.

What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that helde the King
So long in the vnluckie *Iriſh* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at *Dancaſter*;
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird,
Vſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neere your ſight
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
Wee were inforſt for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all fayth and troth
Sworne to vs in your younger enterpriſe.

King. Theſe thihges indeed, you haue articulate,
Proclaymed at Market croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation:
And neuer yet did Inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody Beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pel-mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a ſoule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter.
If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world

In prayſe of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes
This preſent enterpriſe ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with Noble deedes:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a trewant been to Chiualrie,
And ſo I heare hee doth account mee too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maieſtie,
I am content that he ſhall take the ods
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on either ſide,
Trie fortune with him in ſingle fight.
King. And, *Prince of Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Doe make againſt it: No good *Worceſter*, no,
Wee loue our people well; euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your Cooſens part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both hee, and they, and you, yea euery man,
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his:
So tell your Cooſen, and bring me word,
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gonn,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*
Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both togeather,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.
King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them;
And God befrend vs, as our cauſe is juſt. *Exeunt. Manent*
Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the Battell *Prin. Fal.*
And beſtride me ſo, tis a point of friendſhip.
Prin. Nothing but a *Coloſſus* can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. T'were beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not poſsible, it can not be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faultes;
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily?
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption benig tane from vs.

We

Weas the ſpring of all, ſhal pay for all:
Therefore good Cooſen, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpur*
Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile ſay tis ſo. Here comes you cooſē
Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Weſtmerland:*
Vncle, What newes?
Wor. The King will bid you Battell preſently.
Dowg. Defie him by the Lord of *Weſtmerland*,
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and tell him ſo.
Dowg. Mary and ſhall, and very willingly. *Exit Dowg.*
Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.
Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traytors, and will ſcourge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Dowg.*
Dowg. Arme Gentlemen, to armes, for I haue throwne
A braue Defiance in King *Henries* teeth;
And *Weſtmerland* that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which can not chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The *Prince of Wales* ſtept foorth before the King,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth:* tell mee, tell mee,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your prayſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſprayſing prayſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,

Hee made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his trewant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed, and fellow's ſouldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. My Lord, here are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long:
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on Kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the *King* comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt; and here draw I a Sword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on,
Sound all the loftie inſtruments of Warre,
And by that muſicke, let vs all imbrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.

Here they embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the Battell: then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in Battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I doe haunt thee in the Battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dowg. The Lord of *Stafford* deare to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou proud *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

They fight, Dowglas kils Blunt; then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I neuer had triumpht ouer a *Scot*.

Dowg. All's done, all's won, here breathles lyes the King.

Hot. Where? *Dowg.* Heere.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſht like the King himſelfe.

Dowg. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare,
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Dowg. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrope piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the King. *Hot.* Vp and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.

Alarme, enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Falſ. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I feare the ſhot here, here's no ſcoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's honour for you, here's no vanitie,

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince,*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuenged; I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in tha caſe?

Fall. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now.

He throwes the Bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *Sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland* lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The *Prince of Wales* from ſuch a Field as this,
Where ſtainde Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.
Iohn. Wee breath too long, come cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods ſake come.
Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiude me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord, of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my Soule.
King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.
Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*
Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?
King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field:
But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.
Dowg. I feare thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in fayth thou beareſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee,
They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.
Prin. Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirites
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the *Prince of Wales*, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.
They fight, Dowglas flyeth.
Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.
King. Stay, and breath a while,

Thou haſt redeemd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewde thou makeſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſayd, I harkened to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.
Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawſey*. *Exit K.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*
Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.
Hrin. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales*.
Hot. Now ſhall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no Boyes play here, I can tell you,

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtalffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd me of my youth,
I better broke the loſſe of brittle Life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me,
They wound my thoughts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:

But

But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life time's foole;
And time, that takes ſuruay of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound;
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth,
Is roome enough: this Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy prayſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke* farewell:
I could haue better ſpard a better man:
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

Falſtaffe ryſeth vp.

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eate me too to morrow. Zloud, t'was time to counterfeite, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paide mee ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my fayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I kilde him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*; if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kild my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewesbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.

A retreat is ſounded.

Prin. The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, lets to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friendes are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they ſay for reward. He that rewardes me,
God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow leſſe: for Ile
Purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould
doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion find rebuke,
Ill ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafetie vrgde me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent,
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother *Iohn of Lancaster*,
To you this honourable bountie shall belong,
Goe to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free,
His valoure shownе vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our Power,
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my cosen *Westmerland*,
Towards *Yorke* shall bend you with your deerest speed,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:
My selfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will towards *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*:
Rebellion in this Land shall loose his way,
Meeting the checke of such another day:
And since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

9 N0 58